waited the workless, new and old. Men were fighting for freedom, yet neither fought nor cared to be free. It was as though there had been a Freedom Ballot—millions voting that they were in favour of being free, as millions had voted that they were in favour of being at peace.

What freedom was to be fought for? they may have wondered. We are all free to sleep under the arches of the Seine, Anatole France had said; we were all free to read what Lord Beaverbrook decreed should be printed in the *Daily Express,* to earn money, to buy and to sell, to vote for Ramsay MacDonald who had saved the country, for Mr, Baldwin who would make the League of Nations the keystone of our foreign policy, for Mr. Chamberlain who had brought us peace with honour from Munich. How varied was our freedom—stockbrokers freely buying and selling shares, lawyers freely obtaining briefs and clergymen freely obtaining benefices, each individual freely struggling to feed and clothe and house himself as best he might. This so varied freedom was in peril, and needed to be defended. 'Lend to defend the right to be free/ posters pleaded; 'Your resolution, your courage, will defend our freedom/

Calamity unspeakable if our freedom were allowed to perish; calamity unspeakable if dearly prized and hardly won liberties were lost—no Members of Parliament appealing for votes, no *Daily Express* appealing for readers, no advertisements appealing for money; no appeals at all, only orders, to be obeyed under the threat of loss of liberty, and sometimes of life. In the darkness of change, men tried to formulate their freedom in order to defend

it; in the darkness of change, they watched their world disintegrating under their eyes, and knew not whether they were happy or regretful that it should thus pass away—Oh, let it pass! or, Oh, let it stay!

In so confused a state of mind, the Thirties drew to an end—looking for freedom that it might be defended, looking for a war that it might be fought; Shape of Things to Come, coining, come. Soldiers were ready; aeroplanes flew through the sky, dropped leaflets which might have been bombs; threats were